To fleere and ſcorne at our ſolemnitie?
Now by the ſtocke and honour of my kin,
To ſtrike him dead I hold it not a ſin.
Capu. Why how now kinſman wherefore ſtorme you ſo?
Tib. Vncle this a *Mountague* our foe:
A Villaine that is hither come in ſpight,
To ſcorne at our ſolemnitie this night.
Capu. Yong *Romeo* is it.
Tib. Tis he, that Villaine *Romeo.*
Capu. Content thee gentle Coze, let him alone,
A beares him like a portly Gentleman:
And to ſay truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well gouernd youth,
I would not for the wealth of all this Towne,
Here in my houſe doe him diſparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou reſpect,
Shew a faire preſence, and put off theſe frownes,
An ill beſeeming ſemblance for a Feaſt.
Tib. It fits when ſuch a Villaine is a gueſt,
Ile not endure him.
Capu. He ſhall be endured.
What goodman Boy, I ſay he ſhall, goe too,
Am I the Maſter here or you? goe too,
Youle not endure him, God ſhall mend my ſoule,
Youle make a mutinie among my gueſts:
You will ſet a Cock a hoope, youle be the man.
Tib. Why Vncle, tis a ſhame.
Capu. Goe too, goe too.
You are a ſawcy Boy, iſt ſo indeed?
This tricke may chance to ſcath you I know what,
You muſt contrary me, marry tis time,
Well ſaid my hearts, you are a Princox, goe,
Be quiet, or more light, more light for ſhame,
Ile make you quiet (what) chearely my hearts.
Tib. Patience perforce, with wilfull choler meeting,
Makes my fleſh tremble in their different greeting:

I will withdraw but this intrus
Now ſeeming ſweet, conuert t
Ro. If I prophane with my v
This holy ſhrine, the gentle ſin
My lips two bluſhing Pilgrim
To ſmooth that rough touch w
Iu. Good Pilgrime you do
Which mannerly deuotion ſhe
For Saints haue hands, that Pil
And palme to palme is holy P
Ro. Haue not Saints lips an
Iuli. I Pilgrim, lips that th
Rom. O then deare Saint, let
They pray, (grant thou) leaſt f
Iu. Saints doe not moue, th
Ro. Then moue not while
Thus from my lips, by thine m
Iu. Then haue my lips the
Ro. Sin from my lips, O tre
Giue me my ſin againe.
Iuli. You kiſſe bith booke.
Nur. Madam your mother
Rom. What is her mother?
Nur. Marrie Batcheler,
Her mother is the Ladie of the
And a good Ladie, and a wiſe a
I nurſt her daughter that you t
I tell you, he that can lay hold
Shall haue the chincks.
Rom. Is ſhe a *Capulet*?
O deare account! my life is my
Ben. Away, be gone, the ſp
Rom. I ſo I feare, the more i
Capu. Nay Gentlemen prep
We haue a trifling foolifh Banq
Is it ene ſo? why then I thanke
I thanke you honeſt Gentlemen

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325) LONDON, [1622] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k